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WHO WAS YORICK?

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IF anything in this paper should seem to favor the Baconian Theory of the Authorship of the Shakespeare Plays, I am not responsible, I am only responsible for chronicling the facts as they come out, and for suggesting what seem to me their bearing.

Everybody, even the groundling, knows that Hamlet's "Alas poor Yorick" was a fellow of infinite jest and of most excellent fancy. But is this the limit of our knowledge of him? The First Grave-digger was better informed; for he gives us two important pieces of information. First, he tells us of the title by which Yorick was known; and second, he states, definitely, the number of years that had elapsed since his death. Now, since knowing the date of composition of the Second Quarto of *Hamlet*, we can ascertain the date of the death of Yorick, let us assume as a working hypothesis that the First Grave-digger was speaking in the years 1601-1602. Now the Grave-digger does not speak of "Yorick," simply as "Yorick." On the contrary, he states: "This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester; and the last two words, in the

Quarto of 1604, begin with capital letters: "the King's Jester." Who, then, was the King's Jester?

I have before me Dr. Doran's "History of Court Fools." London, 1858. On p. 132 I find: "John Heywood, himself a "King's Jester" and a poet, has made" etc., etc. On p. 142 he states: "This play upon the word *leman*, (or "mistress") was subsequently employed by Heywood, the "King's Jester," to point a jest made in the hearing of Queen Mary." On p. 152: "We now come to a personage of some celebrity, who seems to have been a court jester, without being exactly a court fool. I allude to John Heywood, of North Mimms, in Hertfordshire, whom Sir Thomas More introduced to the King as Sir William Neville did Scogan, and whose introduction was followed by similar circumstances,—his appointment as "jester" to the sovereign. Of the latter, (Heywood) Wharton says that "he was beloved and rewarded by Henry VIII for his buffooneries," and, indeed, that monarch was so satisfied with the quips of his daughter's favourite, that, as previously stated, he named John Heywood, "King's Jester." On page 155, Dr. Doran states: "With the reputation of having been "King's Jester," Heywood is also known to us as a poet, a dramatist, and a writer of epigrams." On page 158: "It would be hard to say whether Queen Mary laughed or not, when "John, the King's Jester" either read to her," etc. And finally, on page 162, we find:—"As there is no doubt of Heywood having been named by Mary's father "King's Jester," we may fairly conclude, etc." There can be no doubt, therefore, that John Heywood bore the title of the "King's Jester;" that he was well known under that appellation: and that the title clung to him, not only through the reign of Henry VIII, but also through the reigns of Edward VI and of Mary. But was the appellation exclusively

his? Was there any other person known as such? In so far as the reign of Henry VIII is concerned, the question can be answered in the negative. It is entirely unlikely that such a distinctive title would have been given to two court jesters during the same reign. The next sovereign was Edward VI, who died when he was sixteen years of age. No record exists of there having been any jester under his short reign who bore that title other than John Heywood himself. Edward VI died in 1553. From that date until 1603, when James I ascended the throne, England was ruled by women: Mary, and Elizabeth. Naturally, therefore, no person, appointed by either of them, could have been known as the King's Jester. By this process of exclusion, accordingly, it appears to be certain that the person referred to as Yorick, was John Heywood. Dr. Doran's work, already referred to, and the Dictionary of National Biography, are the sources of information for the following sketch of his life. He was born about the beginning of the sixteenth century; in all probability in 1497. His name is included in a return of Catholic fugitives, dated 29 January, 1577, about which time he was found by the royal commissioners to be nominal tenant of lands in Kent and elsewhere. In 1587, Thomas Newton, in his "Epilogue or Conclusion to Heywood's Works" speaks of him as "dead and gone." His death occurred, therefore, sometime between 1577 and 1587. The Dictionary of National Biography gives the dates of his birth and death as probably 1497, 1580. And the Grave-digger in *Hamlet* states that Yorick's skull "has lain in the earth three and twenty years." Taking the date of composition of the Second Quarto, as 1601-2, and subtracting 23 years, we have 1578-9 as the date of Yorick's death, which agrees with the dates given above, within which Heywood is known to have died. Another point to be derived from the

Grave-digger's remarks, is, that his references to Yorick are undoubtedly biographical in character. Such a very definite number as twenty-three would not have been selected unless the writer of the scene had in mind some actual person who had died at the time stated. Had he said "twenty years" it would have been different; for the word "twenty" is used throughout the plays as a comprehensive term of quantity, similar to the phrase "a thousand times" that Hamlet uses in describing his childish frolics with Yorick. But the Second Quarto (1604) gives the number in figures (thus: "23.") So, likewise, do the Third and Fourth Quartos. The Fifth Quarto and the Folio, give it in words, ("twenty-three" and "three and twenty," respectively.) There can thus be no likelihood of a misprint or typographical error having occurred. A direct biographical reference, therefore, must be accepted as having been made in the Second Quarto, (written in 1601-2,) this Quarto being the first impression of the play, as we now have it. And the same is true of the remarks of Hamlet regarding Yorick, as will be shown presently. All accounts of Heywood represent him as having been a man overflowing with wit, and humor. "Heywood's spirit of fun, his humor, and his readiness at repartee" says Dr. Doran, "made him a favorite with More, who was fond of spending leisure hours with him—Previous to his introduction to the King, More presented him to the lady (afterwards Queen) Mary, who found his merriment so irresistible, that it moved even her rigid muscles; and her sullen solemnity was not proof against his songs, his rhymes, his jests." ("A fellow of infinite jest.") He seems to have been a special favorite of Queen Mary. In her former days he wrote ballads for her, sometimes making herself the subject of them. And it is stated (Dict. Nat. Biog.) "that his

pleasantries were often acceptable in her privy chamber." ("Now get you to my lady's chamber—Make her laugh at that.") He was, moreover, a good vocalist, and no mean instrumental player; his songs being frequently referred to. He seems to have been a favorite also in the mansions and at the tables of the nobility; and a specimen of his wit is offered us by Puttenham in his "Arte of English Poesie" who relates an anecdote, which I need not quote, "on a time, at the Duke of Northumberland's board, where merry John Heywood was allowed to sit at the board's end." ("Where be your gibes now?" asks Hamlet. "Your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar?") There can be no doubt as to the biographical character of these references, in the drama. Puttenham refers to him again as having come into reputation for the mirth and quickness of his conceits "in King Edward the Sixth's time." In fact, Mary was thirty-seven years of age when Edward VI died; and, as she herself, lived only five years longer, many of the stories regarding Heywood's amusing her, refer to the times of Edward VI.

Now, it should be noted that Francis Bacon's grandfather, Sir Anthony Cooke, was tutor to Edward VI. Moreover, Anthony Cooke's daughter, Ann, (afterwards Bacon's mother) is stated to have occupied the position of governess to the young King, in her younger days. Thus, two of Bacon's forbears must have been brought into immediate contact with Heywood, since they both occupied positions in the interior, domestic life of the court. Heywood as court jester, of course, was there also. And can there be any doubt that they both knew him well, and even appreciated him? For Heywood's talents were not only those of a wit and humorist. He was a poet, an epigrammatist, a dramatist. His dramas, to-day, occupy an important position in English litera-

ture, coming, as they do, between the old Morality plays and the great outburst of dramatic composition of the Elizabethan era. Francis Bacon's mother, Lady Ann, was a most highly cultivated woman. This man, of infinite jest and most excellent fancy, might naturally therefore, have been held in high esteem by both her and her father. And when the third generation, in the persons of young Anthony and Francis, appeared upon the scene, what more natural than that these little tots of five or six years of age, or thereabouts, should have been amused and entertained by this old family familiar? Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Mary, were in their graves; and Heywood's day as court jester, had passed. His social status had been, of course, inferior to that of the Bacons. But it might be to just such a person, partly friend, partly retainer, that a mother would willingly have entrusted her little children; and it is just such a person also, who would make much of the young scions of the house. For human nature was the same then as it is to-day; and we all know of similar instances in our own lives. It is impossible to conceive of any one more attractive to a child than Heywood. His training as a jester, his jokes, his songs, his gambols, would have made him the beau ideal of all that is amusing and entertaining. And when Hamlet tells us of Yorick: "He hath borne me on his back a thousand times," is it impossible to believe that Francis Bacon placed, in his great drama, an auto-biographical reference, and embodied in the entire passage, in which the line occurs, a memorial to the old playfellow of his early childhood? Upon no basis other than that of the Baconian authorship can this passage well be considered. Even if, for the sake of argument, we allow the Second Quarto to have been written in 1604, and not in 1601-2, the date of Heywood's death, calculated twenty-three year's back,

would be 1581. And in 1581 William Shakspere was seventeen years of age; he had not yet left Stratford; he had not yet married Anne Hathaway. On the other hand, if I am right in placing the death of Heywood at 1578-1579, that date would have been firmly implanted in Bacon's mind. For it was in 1579 that his father, Nicholas Bacon, had died; and it was in that year that he, himself, had returned home from his three years' visit to the continent. Of Heywood's life, after the death of Mary, we know very little. For the first dozen years of the reign of Elizabeth, the record is an entire blank. At some time during this interval, he went to Malines to live. The suggestion has been made that he went there to avoid persecution by Elizabeth, as he was a Catholic. But this is only a surmise, and an unlikely one. Much is tolerated in a Jester, as Olivia tells us, in "Twelfth Night." Besides, Elizabeth seems to have been kindly disposed towards him —at any rate while she was Princess. For there is a record of a gratuity paid to him by her, at that time. Moreover, Heywood's younger son, Jasper, when a boy, was one of the pages of honor to the princess Elizabeth. The personal element enters into the question. It would be a matter of surprise if the Queen had allowed any such severe action to be taken towards her father's old jester. Heywood's eldest son, Ellis, entered the Society of Jesus in 1566, "and afterwards became spiritual father and preacher in the professed house of the society at Antwerp" (Dict. Nat. Biog.). Antwerp and Malines are not far apart, and Heywood may have gone to live there at that time. More positive knowledge as to this fact, and also as to the date of his death, would obviously be valuable.

Henry Pemberton, Jr.

EARLY CONTEMPORARY EVIDENCE RELATING TO THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMA.

By Rev. Walter Begley.

The following paper is the first of a series which I hope may appear in Baconiana. Mr. Begley left a great many MSS. relating to the Shakespeare-Bacon theory, and collateral topics arising out of it. When these are published Baconians will have much additional proof of the thoroughness and originality of Mr. Begley's contributions to our controversy. It is, indeed, most desirable that this proof should be presented, for at present the memory of Mr. Begley is, to some extent, under a cloud, owing to his discussion of what is known as the "Scandal" about Bacon. For my own part I do not think this error in judgment (for it is nothing more) should be allowed to darken his memory and prevent due recognition of his merits. He was not only a learned, but a most genial and amiable man, beloved and admired by all who knew him. Of all the defenders of Bacon's claims to the crown of Shakespeare he was, I believe, the most accomplished in Elizabethan scholarship—the most capable of meeting the most formidable Shakespearean champions on their own ground, equipped as fully as any of them with Elizabethan lore. He has been sufficiently censured—now let him be fairly judged.—*Extinctus amabitur idem.*

R. M. Theobald.

ONE of the most important contributions we have had for some time to the critical history of the Elizabethan Drama has been the two new volumes by Mr. Courthope on the History of English Poetry. As he once held the important post of Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, and as he had the honour, as long ago as in 1864, while yet an undergraduate of New College, of reciting his Prize Poem on the Three Hundredth Anniversary of Shakspere's Birth in the theatre at Oxford, whatever Mr.

Courthope says about Shakespere must need be of great present interest. His most original contribution to the ever-increasing Shakespeare literature is his masterly discussion (in a long Appendix) of the real authorship of the early doubtful Shakespearean plays.

He comes to the conclusion that the *Henry VI.* trilogy, the *Contention*, the *True Tragedy*, *The Taming of a Shrew*, *Titus Andronicus*, and the *Troublesome Reign of King John*, were all written by the same author who wrote *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth*, and the other great plays of the First Folio. This is a novelty in Shakespeare criticism, and is contrary to the opinion of most of the authorities. The professor is strongly anti-Baconian, but I gladly welcome his powerful arguments as corroborative of my own; for I have contended that there is only one author for all these five plays. To assume a wonderful unknown pre-Shakespearean author for certain of these works is, as I have said, to multiply miracles, or to put more men in one boat than it can possibly hold.

Mr. Courthope's convincing Shakespearean arguments strengthen the Baconian theory considerably. For if they be accepted we have the result that the actor from Stratford was putting forth very able plays as early as the date of the Armada, or even a year or two before that. But no theory of the "receptivity of genius," nor indeed any other theory, could possibly make it credible that Shakspere, from what we know of his early life, was equal to performing such wonders without being noticed by anyone, and while probably connected with stable-boys and ostlers as his most intellectual companions.

Now William Shakespere is supposed generally to have come to London about 1586-7, and since his name did not appear as the author of any play until 1598, and since all the orthodox admit that he wrote some

plays before 1598—and Mr. Courthope admits that he wrote many—we have a space of more than ten years (1586—1598) to enquire into for evidence of the Stratford man's work and authorship. It is to this important point that I shall devote the present chapter, and especially to the contemporary early Shakespeare allusions of the Elizabethan critics, with which we have been so terribly dosed, and, what is more, out of the wrong bottle.

The number of Elizabethan critical essays, written while Shakespeare was at work producing the immortal plays, is by no means small, and to these must be added the various satires and epigrams that came from the press during the same period. It would, indeed, be a strange thing if from the thousands of pages we have extant, dealing with the poetry, the rhetoric and the dramatic art of the period (1580—1600), we should neither be able to say confidently who was the author of the mellifluous poems of *Venus and Adonis*, and *Lucrece*, so famous in their day, nor yet to point out the real man who wrote the Shakespeare Sonnets, nor yet to name indubitably the immortal author of *Romeo and Juliet*, *Richard III.*, and *Love's Labour's Lost*, all undoubtedly written in the period mentioned, when these Elizabethan critics and satirists poured forth their thousand pages and more of allusions and illustrations. It would, indeed, be strange if the true author could keep concealed when exposed to the fierce light that beats on contemporaneous fame. Yet the Baconians say, and I with them, that in spite of all this critical literature by various authors—in spite of the fact that the name of Shakespeare was constantly on their lips and pens since the dedication of *Venus and Adonis* in 1593—still the wrong man has been in possession of the "immortal fame" for all these generations. But if the vast body of existing

evidence has been misconstrued and misunderstood from the very beginning, its value and amount and validity are rendered almost without avail. To argue against a long-accepted tradition is always a thankless office. My only plea for a considerate hearing is that I have advanced no new interpretation without a careful consideration of what can be said against its validity.

The first great orthodox argument which I claim with confidence to have completely overthrown is this:—"All contemporary writers accepted William Shakspere, of Stratford-on-Avon, as the immortal genius who wrote the works attributed to him, and that of itself settles the authorship." This argument, supposed to be irresistible, rests on the failure to perceive the true drift of much evidence that was purposely cryptogrammatic or delusive. It will be a surprise and a pain to many to discover that the most famous "Shakespeare allusions," as they are called, are really and more properly "Shakespeare delusions."

Starting from about the year 1589, the first literary notice we have is either just before or just after the year of the Armada (1588)—most probably the year after—and between this year and 1592 we get the genuine and important statements of Nash and Greene, in *Menaphon* and in the *Groatsworth of Wit.* They have a great deal to say about the state of the drama and the status of the playwrights, and in 1592—a year before the public had heard anything about *Venus and Adonis,* and the William Shakespeare who dedicated it in 1593 as the first heir of his invention—we have the important fact that Robert Greene, the playwright, refers to an "upstart crow," who thought himself "the only Shake-scene in a country." This is the favourite preliminary dose that the orthodox have dispensed to their public for so many years. I hope to be able to give some evidence that they mistook the label on the

bottle, and hence the public has been dosed for many years with the wrong medicine. Critics have started on the assumption that it was the Warwickshire man that was being attacked by Nash and Greene when, as we now know, he was at that early period a mere nobody, quite beneath such a sustained attack.

To make this plain it should be remembered that in 1589, or a little earlier, which is the date of *Menaphon*, some new plays and playwrights were rising into fame and eclipsing the lustre of Greene, Peele, Nash, Marlowe, and Lodge, who were the chief writers for the stage, and considered themselves, as University men, vastly superior to their competitors. It seems, too, that either now, or very shortly afterwards, these new men began pilfering from Greene and Peele, and anyone else they thought good enough. This naturally enraged the University writers, of whom Nash was the youngest, having only lately joined them. He was known to have a biting and sarcastic wit, and when his more experienced friend, Greene, published a kind of arcadian romance, *Menaphon*, in 1589, Nash wrote a pretty long address "To the Gentlemen Students of both Universities," as a kind of preface both to the book and to the grievances of its author. Nash attacks certain "vainglorious tragedians!" and also their "idot art-masters that intrude themselves as the alcumists of eloquence." It is the proper identification of these "vainglorious tragedians"—that is to say, "players"—and at the same time the discovery of the "idiot art-masters" who supplied the tragedians or actors with their "drumming decasyllables," and wrote plays for them, which must first be satisfactorily settled before we can draw any useful inferences from either Nash or Greene.

Let us first take the expression "idiot art-masters." Its misinterpretation has caused much confused argu-

ment. Some critics have taken Art Masters to mean M.A.'s of a University, and that Marlowe, who was M.A. of Cambridge, having recently got his degree, was one especially referred to. But this is a very misleading explanation; the whole tenor of the context shows that "art-masters" means men professing to excel and become masters and critics in the arts of English poetry, drama, and declamation. The word "idiot," too, had not its present signification: it meant a private or non-professional person, a non-qualified man; and so when used by Nash as a prefix to "art-masters" it would point to non-graduate critics of poetry and rhetoric (Bacon was non-graduate then) and to other non-academical men outside the professional clique of University playwrights—outsiders, in fact, such as Kyd and Munday, who were non-graduates of any University.*

Nash further complains of ignorant men, and men who had spent their time in a serving-man's idleness, and translators, who borrowed invention of the Italians: all "this kind of men" Nash satirizes both with regard to their attainment and their dramatic work.

The curious point is that the plays which Nash and Greene seem to jeer at, and otherwise depreciate, are plays which are now famous—plays which worked a revolution in dramatic art. For *Tamburlaine* was (as I shall show) one of the plays aimed at by Nash and Greene, although others, such as the early *Taming of a Shrew*, were included in their indictment. But strange to say they did not seem to know who was the author of these plays, for they refer to them in a scoffing way as the work of some "alcumist of eloquence," who "thinks to outbrave better pens with the swelling bombast of bragging blank verse." Thus they apparently exclude Marlowe from *Tamburlaine*—that

* *Idiolicus* = ἰδιωτικός; uneducated, ignorant, unskilful.

wonderful play which really revolutionized dramatic versification.

This apparent ignorance of Nash and Greene concerning *Tamburlaine* and its real author has hardly ever been referred to, and is so unlikely in itself that I fully expect it will be disputed, perhaps refuted, by abler judges than I am. But it is only an unimportant detail after all, and what I chiefly wish to obtain from the early evidence of Nash and Greene before 1592 is whether there are any hidden signs or allusions which may lead us to suppose that Bacon was thus early "working underground"—whether there are any remarks that may lead us to detect Bacon's mysterious presence years before he had promised to show his head, as he did in *Lucrece*. I say there are.

First, then, let me quote a passage from the beginning of Nash's prefatory address in *Menaphon* (1587-9):—

"Everie mechanicall mate abhorres the English he was borne to, and plucks with a solemne periphrasis his *ut vales* from the ink-horne: which I impute not so much to the perfection of artes as to the servile imitation of vainglorious tragedians who contend not so seriously to excel in action, as to embowell the clouds in a speach of comparison; thinking themselves more than initiated in poets' immortalitie if they but once get Boreas by the beard and the heavenly hill by the dew-lap."

Here it is clearly seen that Nash is inveighing against "mechanical mates" and "vainglorious tragedians," and from what we shall gather further on as to the meaning of "embowell the clouds," and "get Boreas by the beard," we shall conclude that the tragedians meant especially those who took principal parts in these plays.

Nash then proceeds partly to excuse them, and the

rest of the "mechanical mates," by throwing the blame on those writers who put such big words into their mouths. The next paragraph is this :—

"But herein I cannot so fully bequeath them to follie, as their idiot art-masters that intrude themselves to our ears as the Alcumists of eloquence, who (mounted on the stage of arrogance) think to out-brave better pens with the swelling bombast of a bragging blank verse."

Here, as I take it, Nash is alluding to some new and nameless dramatist, who, to the vexation of the University pens, and especially of Greene, was supplying most successful plays to the great tragedians, and quite cutting out poor Greene and other playwrights who got their bread from their plays. I need hardly say that I do *not* think the Stratford man is meant here, for this was much too early for him to be reckoned of such importance, either as playwright, "alcumist," or rival by any possibility to the scholarly productions of Greene and his compeers.

Nash next proceeds to deal with another personage among the playwrights, who seems to have been "nourished in a serving-man's idleness," and whose description tallies well with Kyd, and, perhaps, Munday too.

"Mongst this kind of men that repose eternitie in the mouth of a player, I can but ingrosse some deep read grammarians, who having no more learning in their scull than will serve to take up a commodity; nor art in their brain than was nourished in a serving man's idleness, will take upon them to be the ironical censors of all, when God and Poetrie doth know they are the simplest of all.

"To leave these to the mercie of their mother tongue, that feed on nought but the crumbs that fall from the

translator's trencher, I come (sweet friend) to thy Arcadian *Menaphon.*"

Several phrases point to Kyd in the above. The word "ingrosse" makes one think of a scrivener, and the trade of *noverint;* and the grammarian might easily be intended as a slur upon Kyd, who never got beyond the Merchant Taylors' School; while the fact that Kyd was in the service of a certain lord came out while the authorities were in search of proofs of Marlowe's atheism; and, last of all, Kyd was a frequent translator of small pamphlets from the Italian. So that, if my interpretation be correct, the principal persons alluded to by Nash are Kyd, and some new alcumist of eloquence among the art-wrights, and certain noted tragedians among the players, while Marlowe certainly seems excluded from the allusions.

Next we will try to discover, from the curious phrases used by Nash, who this great unknown dramatist, whose name is so carefully kept out of print, really was.

Now, who was it who went so far as to "embowell the clouds in a speach of comparison"? This is a sufficiently remarkable expression, and I am surprised that no critic, so far as I have noticed, has attempted to explain it. However, I can, I believe, explain it satisfactorily. The man referred to was the anonymous author of *Tamburlaine,* who, in a "speach of comparison," properly so-called, produces this odd simile:—

> "As when a fiery exhalation,
> Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing cloud,
> Fighting for passage, makes the welkin crack,
> And casts a flash of lightning to the earth."*
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> 1 *Tamburlaine,* IV. ii.

* This may be compared with Hotspur's speech:—

"Diseased nature often times breaks forth
In strange eruptions. Oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd

The allusion is so plain and evident that I do not suppose it will be contested, and so I make no further remarks on it here.

Next, who was it that got "Boreas by the beard"? Well, there is not much doubt about the source of this—Mr. Richard Simpson and others found it out years ago. What Nash was referring to was the two following lines from the early *Taming of a Shrew*, first printed in 1594, but evidently written much earlier. The lines are :—

> "Whiter than are the snowy Apenines,
> Or icy hair that grows on Boreas' chin."

And besides this reference in Nash we find that Robert Greene, in *Menaphon* itself, refers clearly to the same play and the same tragedian. For we have "Roscius" brought before us by Greene as playing the wag under the name of the Shepherd Doron, and saying, "We had an ewe among our rams, whose fleece was *white as the hairs that grow on Father Boreas' chin.*"

Now whatever could induce these two fellow-writers, Greene and North, to give to Boreas, the North Wind, a chin, and white icy hairs? These University men could not possibly borrow these things from the classics; for though Boreas is often described there as nubifugus, gelidlus, and even asper, still the classics never give him a chin or a beard. Neither did Greene or Nash invent the beard and chin out of their own head, for in that case it would not have been used by both of them. No; they clearly quoted the words as a parody on some preceding author and play, and as we find the

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By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers."

1 *Hen. IV.* III. i. 27.

very expressions in the *Taming of a Shrew*, and nowhere else, we are justified in concluding that to be the play and author thus jeered at. But still the question stares us in the face—"What could induce any author to give the North Wind a beard and a chin?" I believe I can give the correct answer, one, too, that will help us considerably in discovering the true author of that doubtful Shakespearean play, *The Taming of a Shrew*.

Boreas, with his icy beard and chin, came from the cosmographers, and from them alone. Beginning with the recently-discovered Waldsee Müller World-map of 1507, and right down to the maps of the Armada period, we have frequently at the top of the map Boreas represented like unto a cherub on a tombstone, with puffy cheeks and head only, the northern blasts proceeding from his mouth; and, unlike a cherub in this, he has a scant beard of loose, straggling hairs spread over a very good-sized double chin. Moreover, in some instances the hairs are so thick that they look something like icicles. Here, then, is the source from which, as I suggest, the author of the *Taming of a Shrew* took his singular simile, first printed in 1594 (unless an earlier edition be lost), but really written shortly after the Armada at the latest—rather too early for the Stratford genius, who would not find much then about cosmography, nor expensive charts, either in Burbage's stables or in his own lodgings.

Who, indeed, among all the needy dramatists and vagrant tragedians of that period cared about cosmography? Who among them could afford the luxury of charts and large atlases from abroad? I am afraid I could not name one, for Marlowe, as we know, is excluded; but there is one great genius whom I can name with some confidence. The interest taken by Francis Bacon in the science of cosmography is admitted by all parties. Hence, when we read in

Twelfth Night III. ii., that Maria says of Malvolio, "He does smile his face into more lines than are in the New Map, with the augmentation of the Indies," we are more inclined to attribute such a reference to maps to Bacon than to Shakspere; and we hold our opinion with all the greater confidence when we find that Mr. Coote, of the Map Department of the British Museum, has traced the very map referred to as a "New Map on a New Projection," recording the latest geographical discovery of Barentz (a Dutchman) in 1596. He thinks it also "probable in the extreme, if not absolutely certain," that Shakespeare was glancing at the upper portion of this map when he wrote: "You are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard" (*Twelfth Night* III. ii. 23).*

I accept what Mr. Coote and the Shakespeareans say, but not the man they refer to as the author of these subtleties. My contention is that when we find references to maps and charts, and new discoveries in the Indies, or the New World, and an unusual interest in cosmography, we must turn our thoughts to Bacon rather than Shakspere, or even Marlowe; and that the great Johannes Factotum and universal genius, Francis Bacon, is a much more likely author both of the *Taming of a Shrew* and of the printed *Tamburlaine* of 1590 than anyone else that has been suggested.

Let us next glance at one more allusion in *Menaphon.* Nash speaks of some of these "idiote art masters" as not having learned "the just measure of the horizon without an hexameter"; by which he evidently means that they do not know the proper scansion of horĭzon in a hexameter. Now, did any dramatic writer make such a mistake? Yes, and more than once. We have:—

* New Shaksp. Transac., 1877-9, pp. 88—100.

"Lift up his beams above the Horĭzon."
Rich., Duke of York IV. vi.

"Above the border of the Horĭzon."
3 *Hen. VI.* IV. vii.

"Within the compass of this Horĭzon."
Edw. III. V. i.

Now, all these are early plays which have been always considered doubtfully Shakespearean. But now, if we follow Mr. Courthope and give them to the author of *Lear* and *Macbeth*, we shall find that Nash is still consistently attacking the new writer—this alchemist of eloquence—who had then (1589) written certain plays, one of which (3 *Henry VI.*), or a revision of it, was taken into the Folio of 1623, and the other two have always been doubtfully connected with Shakspere. We shall find, however, that it was the Shakespeare of Gray's Inn who was the man that Greene and Nash were really attacking, although that did not come out till Greene dubbed him Shake-scene in 1592.

But if Nash did catch the Shakespeare of Gray's Inn tripping over horĭzon in one or two early plays, the error was never repeated; for in all the Shakespeare plays the word never occurs again. Kyd does not use the word at all; so Nash was not aiming at him here, though we know that he clearly alludes to Kyd in other passages.*

So either Bacon made a slip over horĭzon or else carelessly let it pass into his play from some passage of another writer.

But horĭzon was not so dreadful after all. The great dictionary says that horĭzon only came into general use about Cowley's time; but I have noticed it in 1602, in the rare *Metamorphosis of Tobacco*, attributed to Sir John Beaumont, and also in Hudson's

* Mr. Boas tries to connect Kyd with horĭzon, but in vain.

Judith in 1584, and in Sylvester's Du Bartas once, at least. Among modern poets, the only one I have noticed using horĭzon is Thomas Lake Harris :—

" The dance-girls from their passion sea
Rise nymph-like, floating far and free,
Borne swift to meet the laughing glee.

Rise from the dreams' pavilions,
Far from the southland horĭzons,
Glide twain and twain as flying swans."

After all, the slip was a mere nothing. Bacon made several worse ones in Italian accentuation, though his local colouring was so good. For instance, we have Rómeo, Desdemóna, and Stepháno—all wrong; they should be Roméo, Desdémona, and Stéphano. But to say Stephāno, or Stéphānas, is not a hanging matter; if it had been so, I am sure many clergymen would have qualified themselves for the gallows. It happens to them, now and then, unfortunately to read from the lectern what St. Paul says to the Corinthians : "Ye know the house of Stephānas" (1 Cor. xvi. 15). The *locus classicus—alias* "chest-nut"—is the case of a nervous curate who fell into the trap and said Stephānas. The next morning he found on his breakfast table the following note from two of his congregation :—

" Last night you said, 'Ye know Stephānas,'
This misconception, sir, does pain us;
Stēphănas is the man we know,
And we would have you call him so."

In Elizabethan days one was not damned socially for a false quantity, and both Shakespeare-Bacon and Marlowe, and others as well, spoke and wrote of the river Euphrătes; and I do not suppose that, if Bacon had spoken of vectĭgal in Parliament, anyone would

have burked or boycotted him. Bacon was notoriously inaccurate and careless in small matters, as King James apparently knew, and quizzed him with the saying—*De minimis non curat lex.*

We may now consider other allusions by Nash which seem to refer to Bacon, and which, strange to say, have (so far as I know) been unnoticed.

Nash having had his gird at Kyd and others, whom he supposed to be ousting the University men, has a half-concealed reference to certain "sweet gentlemen," whom he leads us to infer that he could name if he would. They were clearly higher in the social scale than the "grammarians" of his former criticism, and so he speaks of them very civilly. Doubtless they were Mæcenases either in *esse* or *posse*, and this may account for "biting" Nash not even showing his teeth, although both he and Greene would naturally owe these gentlemen a grudge for what they had been doing lately. Nash thus describes their doings :—

"Sundrie other sweet gentlemen . . . have vaunted their pens in private devices, and trickt up a company of taffeta fooles with their feathers, whose beauty, if our poets had not peecte * with the supply of their periwigs, they might have antickt it until this time up and down the countrie with the King of Fairies, and dinde [dined] every day at the pease porridge with Delphrigus."

I think the interpretation is fairly obvious ; for if ever there was a sweet gentleman who was good at supplying literary matter and dumb shows for his aristocratic friends, or his own "Inne of Court," assuredly Francis

* *Peecte.* Nearly all commentators read this to mean pecked. Mr. R. Simpson says, "Apparently it should be *decked.*" But why not piėced, *i.e.*, patched up. *Cf.* "A Lover's Complaint," l. 119.

Bacon was the man. The date 1589 is early for him, but by no means too early. He was nearly 30, and had been ten years in town, with an immense amount of time—for he never wasted any—for these and other literary toys. Who the other sweet gentlemen were I should not venture to say. Essex was proud of having the reputation for such things, whether he produced them or not; so he might be one. Young Southampton was perhaps another; or Antony Munday, the best plotter and a friend of Bacon, and afterwards associated with him in literary work. He was experienced enough; the only thing rather against him is the term "sweet gentlemen." He was her Majesty's messenger for Court purposes, an office which might qualify him for this appellation; otherwise he was of a rather lower social grade. But positive identifications cannot be expected from the slight allusions we have. These seem to point to a travelling company of rather inferior actors ("taffeta fooles"), who had been supplied with some plays rather better than usual by some "sweet gentlemen" about town; which plays had been further beautified by pieces or passages of poetry—"feathers"—taken from the good old stock of the University poets without asking their leave. This was the grievance which Nash and Greene had. Here was a tramping company of actors, "bearing their fardels on their backs," accustomed to travel "after a blind jade and a hamper," * brought up to London to compete with the regular companies—not on their own merits either, but simply because they had been tricked up with what did not belong to them.

If it be asked what company it was that contained these "taffeta fooles," I can only answer that the history and chronology of the various companies in the later years of Queen Elizabeth cannot be satis-

* See B. Jonson's Poetaster III. i.

factorily treated. Forgeries, mis-statements, lost and falsified account books, render complete accuracy almost impossible. Mr. F. G. Fleay knew more about these things than anyone else; but he was not thereby saved from egregious mistakes, and whoever tries to follow in his steps will very likely share the same fate. I certainly shall not do so. This tramping company might very well be Pembroke's, which came to town for a time just about this period. I cannot tell, nor does it matter much—though it is said the early doubtful Shakespearean plays came originally chiefly from this company, which would be a good argument if the fact could be proved that Bacon as early as 1589, or even before that, had been putting together "toys," or "works of his recreation," for a company of actors whose plays eventually came under Shakspere's manipulation and revision. Anyhow, if we may take the result of Mr. Fleay's laborious researches into the chronology of the companies of players, and of Mr. Hopkinson's equally exhaustive study of the doubtful plays, we arrive at their joint agreement that Burbage and Shakspere had broken away from the Queen's men (for whom Greene was the principal play-writer) before the year 1589 and had joined Pembroke's company, which was shortly after merged into Lord Strange's company, which enjoyed almost a monopoly of the Court performances. Between 1587 and 1591 the Queen's and the Admiral's companies performed at Court. But at Christmas (1591-2), and afterwards, Lord Strange's company almost enjoyed a monopoly of appearing before the Queen. After this advancement in Court favour, the Rose Theatre was opened in February, 1591-2, and the dates quite agree with Southampton's interest in theatres and patronage of the players.

The fact is that Greene and Nash knew the true state

of affairs, and were greatly annoyed that a "rabble of counterfeits" and a "company of taffeta fooles" should be tricked out by "sundrie sweet gentlemen," to the neglect of the old University pens and their pecuniary loss, especially when this counterfeit company was bolstered up by some "upstart reformers of arts," who pretended to be what they were not, and were ashamed of being what they were. If this is not a good thrust for Shake-scene Bacon and other upstart courtiers, who might act with him as patrons and "grand possessors," I know not to what else it can refer. Nash and Greene despised the whole company except one—a "Roscius" of "deserved reputation." I believe that they knew well enough who the sweet gentlemen were, but spoke mystically for reasons of personal safety, but not too mystically for us to read between the lines now the secret has been partially revealed from other sources.

"CRYPTIC RHYMES"*

ALL sober-minded Baconians will regret the publication of Mr. Edwin Bormann's latest book, which will give occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. *The fons et origo mali* is a passage in Bacon's will :—

"Legacies to my friends: I give unto the right honourable my worthy friend the marquis Fiatt, late lord ambassador of France, my books of orisons or psalms curiously rhymed."

"The meaning of these words," says Mr. Bormann, "is evident; Bacon acknowledges with 'One foot in

* "Francis Bacon's Cryptic Rhymes and the Truth they Reveal." By Edwin Bormann. Siegle, Hill and Co.

heaven,' by his own signature and by the written testimony of six witnesses to the Last Will, to have *written whole books of rhymed, curiously rhymed, verses.*" Now it is obvious that there is nothing in Bacon's words to shew that the books alluded to were written and curiously rhymed by himself. They merely show that the books were in his possession.

Starting from this quite unjustifiable assumption, Mr. Bormann sets out to find curiously rhymed verses in the writings of Bacon and "Shakespeare," and succeeds in his quest to his own satisfaction, but, I fear, to no one else's.

One or two examples will serve to shew the nature of the verses he claims to have discovered. I select the first two given by himself as samples. No. 1 is from the posthumous prayer or psalm published by Rawley.

"O Lord, And ever as my worldly blessings were exalted, so secret darts from thee have pierced me; and when I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before thee."

"Written in verse form," says Mr. Bormann, "the sentence would assume this appearance—

> "'O Lord,
> And *e'er* as my worldly blessings *were* exalted,
> so *se*cret darts from *thee* have pierced *me* ;
> and *when* I have asc*en*ded before *men*,
> I have desc*en*-
> ded in hu*mi*liation *be*fore thee.'"

From "And ever" to "exalted," Mr. Bormann says, must be treated as an iambic line of six or five feet; and to make "ever" rhyme with "were" he writes it "e'er"—which Bacon does not—apparently unconscious that he destroys the iambic metre in the process. Try and read the line as an iambic verse—

and e'er as my worldly blessings were exalted!

And because a few syllables irregularly disposed have the same sound, Mr. Bormann calls this rhymed verse. Surely this is out-Wordsworthing Wordsworth when he shows "that prose is verse and verse is merely prose."

Mr. Bormann's next example is from that exquisite passage from *Measure for Measure* where Claudio expresses his horror of death. It appears thus dislocated:—

> "*I*
> but to *die*
> and *go*
> we *know*
> not where; to *lie*
> in cold obstruction and to rot."

It would be just as reasonable to accuse the author of a book of travels which happens to be lying open beside me on the table, of concealing cryptic rhymes because I see a sentence which runs:—

> "It was not owing to want of *will*,
> but of *skill*,
> that he did not *kill*
> him."

But this is not nearly the worst. Mr. Bormann has discovered a large number of "vexing" rhymes. I have not seen the original German and so cannot tell what the word translated "vexing" is. It appears to mean that the word "vexes" the reader—or can it be a mistranslation of *wechseln* (change)? What our author means by it is a word which does not rhyme, but which he says Bacon meant to be replaced by one that does; and accordingly he substitutes a rhyming word whose meaning will assist his argument. For a warrant for this totally unwarrantable proceeding he goes to Hamlet:—

> *Ham.*—For thou dost know, O Damon *dear*,
> This realm dismantled *was*

By Jove himself ; and now reigns *here*
A very, very—pajock.
Hor.—You might have rhymed.

That the humour lies in the substitution where a rhyme is expected of a word which does not rhyme is patent. But it is not peculiar to Shakespeare. Gilbert's clever "nonsense rhyme" naturally occurs to one's mind. (I quote from memory.)

"There was an old Man of St. Bees
Who said 'I've been stung by a wasp.'
When they asked 'Does it hurt?'
He replied, 'Not a bit:
But I thought all the time 'twas a hornet.'"

To take Hamlet's verse and Horatio's comment as authority to alter words in Bacon's and "Shakepeare's" prose in support of a preconceived theory—well, it baffles description.

Here is a fine sample of the "vexing" rhyme and the use that may be made of it. In the Essay "Of Adversitie" Bacon quotes from Seneca, *verè magnum, habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem dei* (Truly it is grand to have the frailty of a man, and the surety of a god). It is characteristic of Bacon's attention to the point he wishes to make and consequent inattention to details that he has misquoted the passage, which in the original was *Ecce res magna, habere imbecillitatem hominis, securitatem dei* (Behold it is a glorious thing to have the weakness of a man and the surety of a god). Bacon follows the quotation with the remark, "This would have done better in poetry, where such transcendencies are allowed," the meaning of which is as "plain as way to parish church." But Mr. Bormann, on the principle of "Hang all the law and the prophets," takes the first clause alone and considers it a challenge by Bacon to make the passage rhyme. He accordingly writes it thus:—

Vere,
Magnum ha*bere,*
Fragi*litatem,*
Hominis,
Secu*ritatem,*
Nominis,

substituting *nominis* for *dei* to rhyme with *Hominis* (a very poor rhyme, by-the-bye, as the "o" of *Hominis* is short, while that of *Nominis* is long). "Truly it is grand to have the frailty of a man and the security of a name" —an utter *non sequitur*. That *nominis* is the right word is proved thus:—*Deus*, the original word, is equivalent in some of its uses to *numen*, and *numen* sounds like *nomen*. Further, *numen* is equivalent to the English "will" (it is not: it means "a manifestation of the divinity"), and "Will," of course, means Will-Shakespeare Q.E.D. This reminds one of another proposition equally conclusively proved, to wit, "That there is no such thing as a lie." Thus: a lie is a story; a story is a tale; a tail, a brush; a brush, a broom; a brougham, a carriage; a carriage, a trap; a trap, a gin; gin, a spirit; a spirit, a ghost; and there is no such thing as a ghost.

To show that it is to verse that we have to go to find this revelation, Mr. Bormann refers us to the Essay "Of Adversitie." The first word of the essay itself is IT; and if we take this also into our loving embrace, we get—*Ad vers I tie it* (To verse I tie it); *i.e.*, my revelation. Daylight and champian discovers not more!

The greater part of the book is devoted to expounding similar verses (!) (in English, Latin, and French) from Bacon and Shakespeare, and bad rhymes are made into good ones by insisting that they are good.

Whenever Bacon mentions a missile weapon of any sort he always means a spear, and is hinting that he is Shake-speare.

When Ben Jonson addresses the "Happy genius of

this ancient *pile*"—a word which Mr. Bormann says is antiquated and far-fetched as applied to a building—he is also pointing to the fact that Bacon is Shakespeare; for the word means a "hurling-spear," a fact of which "Muret's" (any connection with Murray?) new dictionary will convince the most sceptical. What in the name of goodness is a *hurling*-spear? Perhaps this is a "vexing" rhyme, and we are to read "queer spear." Even poor Pontius Pilate (Latin: *pilatus*=armed with a spear) is added to the pile of spears.

Another piece of evidence depends upon the fact (!) that "shy" and "precise" mean the same, and that therefore, when Bacon's usurers "look precisely for the forfeiture," it points to Shy-look (Shylock), who looks shyly at his bond and shyly locks his door!

It is thousand pities that an author who has done so much careful study and research, and written somewhat of real interest on the Baconian controversy, should have allowed this will-o'-the-wisp to lure him into so terrible a quagmire.

The desire to find cryptic meanings in Bacon's works seems to act on some people like morphia. It becomes a craving which requires ever-increasing doses until cryptomania supervenes. Oh that all Baconians would learn from Bacon, and not invent theories and then hunt for facts to bolster them up!

I have said nothing of the incidental remarks in the book on Bacon's life and writings, some of which are sufficiently interesting, though they contain no new information, because the *raison d'être* of the work is the "cryptic rhymes," and any discussion of Bacon is directed to proving this theory.

That the theory is utterly untenable is, I think, clear from the examples above quoted; and yet

> "There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
> Would men observingly distil it out."

It seems to me that Mr. Bormann has incidentally shown that Bacon and "Shakespeare" have a special fondness—probably unconscious—for the repetition of syllables with the same sound; just as we well know that they have for alliteration. Before pronouncing positively on this point, it would be necessary to examine other authors of the period to see whether the occurrence of homophonous syllables close together in their works was appreciably rarer than in Bacon and Shakespeare.

If Mr. Bormann would drop the "cryptic rhyme" idea and do this, and if the result proved that it was so, he would have produced one more useful piece of evidence as to the identity of the two (?) authors' styles, and his labour would not have been wholly in vain.

FLEMING FULCHER.

WORD-COINAGE IN SHAKESPEARE AND OTHERS

MR. HAROLD BAYLEY'S *Shakespeare Symphony* is in most respects such a reasonable and instructive book that no one who is interested in the enquiries to which it is devoted will suffer the value and force of the whole to be weakened by anything that is doubtful or erroneous in separate parts. I could myself wish that the tenth chapter—on Word Makers—were entirely expunged, for I am persuaded it is full of inaccuracies, and is likely to supply much material for injurious comment, reflecting on the rest of the book, by the hostile and captious critics who are so plentiful in all debate relating directly or indirectly to the Baconian controversy. May I be permitted to offer some few criticisms on this chapter?

By a method of calculation which is admitted to be only approximate, and to which I will not at present offer any objection, though I do not regard it as fully trustworthy, Mr. Harold Bayley arrives at the conclusion that Shakespeare "has enriched the English tongue with the astonishing total of 9,450 newly-coined or newly-used [this distinction is important] words." The other performers in the *Shakespeare Symphony* (with the addition of Sir Thomas Browne) have still further enlarged our vocabulary. The result may be thus tabulated:—

Bacon, Browne and the Symphonists,	15,850 words.
Shakespeare	9,450 ,,
Anonymous Dramatists	250 ,,
Total	25,550 ,,

Now it has been calculated by Max Müller and others that the vocabularies of different classes and writers may be thus estimated:—An agricultural labourer has 300 words, an ordinary citizen 3,000 or 4,000, Milton 8,000, Thackeray 5,000, Shakespeare 15,000; or Shakespeare including participles and inflections, 21,000. The last item is not of much importance, for participles and inflections obviously are not additional words. It seems, then, that the Symphonists contributed to the English language nearly twice as many words as are included in the entire vocabularies of Milton, plus Thackeray. This seems to me in the highest degree improbable; and if we examine the samples which Mr. Harold Bayley gives of the method of his calculation, the improbability is still more accentuated. The words are taken from the great Oxford Dictionary. A sequence of 143 pages was selected from two different parts—first the words beginning with *ex*, next those beginning with *ge*. I will not

quote either of the lists *in extenso;* I will content myself with giving forty words from each group in the Shakespeare set. It seems, then, that we are indebted to Shakespeare for the following words (I give the words, with their doubles, as I find them in Mr. Harold Bayley's book):—Everyway, evidence, evils, evilly, exact, exacting, exalted, exalted, excellencies, excellent, excellent, except, except, exception, exceptlesse, excesse, exchange, exchange, exchange, exchange, excitements, exclaymed, exclaims, excrement, excuse, excuse, execution, executioner, exercise, exercise, exercise, exercise, exhalest, exhale, exhales, exhibiters, exion, exist, exit, exorcist; these are from the E list. The G list gives: St. George, German, germen, gest, get, get, get, get, get, get aboard, get aback, get in, get off, get on, get over, ghastly, ghost, ghost, gibber, gibber, gibbet, giddy, gild, gild, gild, gild, gild, gilded, gilt, gimmer, gipsy, gipsy, gird, girk, girdle, give, give, give, give, and the word give has seven more repetitions with its compounds; *go* also is entered twenty-two times.

I do not know how this will strike other readers; to me it seems in the highest degree absurd and irrational. I cannot understand it. On those lists I submit the following considerations:—

1. The first user of a word is not necessarily the inventor of that word. If this were the case, the earliest book or document in the English language would contain nothing else but newly-coined words. If Mr. Harold Bayley, on the authority of the New English Dictionary, informs us that the words exact, exaltation, excepting, exercise, &c., were first used by Bacon, and also that exercise was first used by Ford and also first used by Marlowe, and used four first times by Shakespeare—even if the meaning of this extraordinary piece of information is that some particular mode of employing these words is to be found first in these writers—I

cannot see what bearing this fact has upon the question of the derivation or coinage either of the words or the expressions. Such words are current coin before any writer uses them; the first user in writing is not likely to be the first user in speech.

2. Mere variations in spelling are not significant as indications of original use. Excesse is the same as excess, pioner the same as pioneer, expresse the same as express, and so on.

3. Different inflections of the same word or root are not additions to the vocabulary. Expresse, expresst, expressive, expressly, expressure, are not five new words, but simply five variations of the same root.

4. There are a great many words which are used only once by some writer—especially Sir Thomas Browne—and which in no proper sense enrich the current vocabulary. Sir Thomas Browne's writings contain a great number of such words; they are, many of them, simply pedantical affectations, or Latin words dressed up in an English form, but never properly incorporated into the English language; Latin they were, and are, and will always be, and their single appearance in English masquerade is of no consequence. Mr. Harold Bayley sets down several such words in the Browne list, such as—exantlation, exenteration, extirpicious. Sir Thomas Browne says that Eve was "*edified* out of the rib of Adam"; that the management of our affections is the highest *circenses*. He speaks of *retiary* and *laqueary* combatants; of *tetrick* philosophers; that delay may be wise *cunctation;* that positions may be "quodlibetically constituted, and cut on both sides like a Delphian blade." If a writer plays such tricks as these with language, he is rather like a juggler tossing up three or four balls at a time; he adds nothing to the language; he simply amuses us by his dexterity. So also a writer of macaronic verse is not a coiner of new

words, but a quick-dress actor on the literary stage, who is perpetually changing his clothes. Mr. Leland must have made large contributions to the English language in such verses as these, if his Ballads are taken as English :—

> " Vhere ish de himmelstrahlende stern—
> De shtar of the shpirit's light ?
> All gon'd afay mit der lager-peer—
> Afay in de ewigkeit.

It is with language as with money. A French franc, or a German mark, or an American dollar, may find its way into English tills and counters, but these remain foreign coins, and will in due time disappear.

5. Technical or scientific terms may be multiplied to any extent, but the general language is not enriched, only the small section of it allotted to the technicalities of a particular science. We are told by chemists that Dibenzylidenacetone is a "hydrolytic product of Cassanava glucose." Of course it is ! but the man in the street has no use for this fact—any more than he has for dimethylortho-amin-obenzoichacid, or any such centipedalian compounds.

6. Mere novelties in expression cannot be taken as enlargements of a vocabulary. Mr. Bayley has thirty-two cases in which *go* is newly invented or newly used. Be it so ; and what then ? Every author whose book is worth the paper on which it is printed has his own individualities of style and expression ; he enlarges our ideas, but not our vocabulary. And to speak of the word *go* as invented, in any sense, over thirty times, seems to me inconceivable nonsense.

7. Compound words, where the constituent words belong to current phraseology, are not new coinages. Sir Thomas Browne uses the word extradictionary ; Shakespeare has good-morrow, and a complete set of

these good-words; also eye-shot, brain-sick, blood-stained, bull-calf, stony-hearted, heir-apparent, sword-and-buckler, and many others.

7. Slang words, or nursery words, are not as a rule to be accepted as newly-coined speech—gibble-gabble, skimble-skamble, bo-peep, bye-bye, peep-bo, &c. It seems to me that it is not at all an easy matter to construct the statistics of a vocabulary; there are so many modifying and restricting considerations, and the same modifications may not be observed by two different calculators. We may be sure, as a generalized fact, that Shakespeare's vocabulary is larger than that of other writers, and that, if Bacon is to be identified with Shakespeare, his vocabulary is more than twice as extensive as that of anyone else. But it is almost impossible to pick out the words that he newly coined, and anyone who makes the attempt is likely to be caught tripping.

So far as I am myself concerned, I may say that both Judge Willis and Mr. Churton Collins have imputed to me the absurdity of selecting over 200 words coined by Bacon. Such a blunder I never made, and never could make. I have always been wide awake against this pitfall, and the mistake attributed to me by these heedless—and I may, at the least, say blundering—critics is absolutely impossible. Let Baconians beware; our enemies are eager to catch us in these snares, and I am particularly sorry that the *Shakespeare Symphony* should give them an opportunity.

R. M. Theobald.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

Sir,—Dr. Theobald is right in his contention that the first *user* of a word is not *necessarily* the inventor of that word, but first use is presumptive evidence. When, as in the case of Bacon, contemporaries comment upon the *unusual* words with which he "spangled his speech," and in addition we have his

MS. note of new words and phrases, inference becomes very strong.

Whether new meanings infused into old words should be placed to the credit of the writer who thus expands our language, is a matter of opinion. I decided to be guided by Dr. Murray, whose Dictionary is nowadays, rightly or wrongly, acclaimed to be "the ultimate court of appeal when any points of English philology are in question." If Dr. Theobald will refer to N. E. D., he will find, for instance, the word *exercise* paragraphed off into the five or six meanings which it bears, each variation assigned with name and date to first user. I may, therefore, justifiably, I think, divert Dr. Theobald's strictures on to the shoulders of Dr. Murray.

The initiation of the New English Dictionary was largely due to Archbishop Trench. "I am persuaded," said Archbishop Trench, in *The Study of Words*, "that a volume might be written which would have few to rival it in interest, that should do no more than indicate or, where advisable, quote the first writer or the first document wherein new words, *or old words employed in a new sense* . . . have appeared." Regarding the verbal lists given in *The Shakespeare Symphony*, what I said was: "Of these the majority are either newly constructed, or imported from foreign languages; the remainder are old terms infused with fresh meaning, hence *new* and so considered by Dr. Murray," and—I might reasonably have added—"by other authorities."

The question as to the exact number of new coinages assignable to the Shakesperean period is not for the moment of vital importance, and may well be left undeterminate. Whether it be 5,000 or 25,000 is immaterial in comparison with the fact to which I wished to awake my readers—that there was an English Cicero scientifically and deliberately at work during that period. "Sometimes," says Trench, "such a skilful mint master of words, such a subtle watcher and weigher of their forces as was Cicero, will note, even without this comparison with other languages, an omission in his own, which therefore he will endeavour to supply."

I must disagree with Dr. Theobald's suggestion that pedantical affectations remain such and rarely incorporate into our speech. One can never tell what is going to survive. Who, for instance, could have foreseen that the academic phrase *mobile vulgus* would be clipped into a contraction, and become our homely word "mob," that *Duns Scotus* would develop into "dunce," or that the cumbrous Latinism *omnibus* would have had the virility to survive its birth and be coloquialised into "bus." As a matter of fact, the pedantries of to-day are the vulgarisms of to-morrow.

I think, too, that Dr. Theobald is wrong in his assertion that foreign coins remain foreign, "and will in due time disappear." On the contrary, they rapidly lose their identity, and become part of our English medley. Examples such as "cab"=*cabriolet*,

"kickshaws" = *quelquechose*, "alligator" = *el legarto* (*the* lizard. Sp.) are conspicuous on every hand.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

HAROLD BAYLEY.

P.S.—Dr. Theobald's fears that this chapter on The Word-makers would irritate the critics, have not, I am glad to say, so far been justified. *The Outlook* singles it out as "a delightful chapter," *The Yorkshire Post* as "better and more valuable" than the rest of the book.—H. B.

AUTHOR AND ACTOR MANAGER

READERS of this Magazine are mostly now concerned with the identity of Francis Bacon—his schemes for the advancement of learning and the eventual revelation of the secrets of his life and work.

We agree that Shakespeare was an actor, not a dramatist. Anyone troubled with lurking doubts would be well advised to read carefully in Halliwell's "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare" (p. 277), the petition presented by the Burbages, his fellow actors, who knew both what he was and how his name was pronounced. They had raised at heavy interest money to build the Globe Theatre, "and to ourselves wee joyned those deserving men Shakspere, Hemings, Condell, Phillips, and other partners in the profittes."

It was the Burbages, too, who bought from Evans the Blackfriar's Theatre for the remainder of its lease, and instead of having boys as actors "placed men players which were Hemings, Condell, Shakspeare," &c.

These Burbages, like the deserving man himself, wrote the name Shakspere as it was pronounced:—"*Shak*" not "*Shake*." So did the Stratford scribes. I make this point clear in view of a somewhat significant entry in Bacon's handwriting, to which I invite attention.

Probably because it contained notes for a philosophical investigation, one small diary kept by Bacon has escaped destruction. It relates to a few days in July and August, 1608. In it persons are mostly indicated by a first letter or syllable. Tip indicates Typper, Chal=Challoner, Sco=Scotland, Cro=Crofts.

If Shakspere was a sort of actor manager mask and intermediary for Bacon, in the production of the latter's plays, it is reasonable to suppose that the busy Solicitor-General would at times want to know how things were going on.

Therefore, I do not find it difficult to interpret as referring to Shakspere the following entry made by Bacon under date, August 6th, 1608 :—

"To have a note from Mr. Cha^r of ye new Inventions." This entry was quoted several years ago as bearing the same significance by a writer of quick perception, who also reminded us that at Stratford "Shaksper" was sometimes written "Chaksper."

A private diary may yet be accidentally left about, so that if Bacon wanted a sufficient yet safely obscure reminder, "Mr. Cha^r" would do well.

A next enquiry is as to what Bacon meant by the word "Inventions." Clearly it had not then acquired the narrow meaning of to-day.

The writer of *Venus and Adonis*, 1593, alludes to it as "the first heir of my invention." The Colin Clout poem, 1595, has—

> "Whose muse full of high thoughts invention,
> Doth like himself heroically sound."

Bacon, writing to King James, says, "Nor was this any invention or project of my own." To Tobie Mathew he excuses himself, "and my head being then wholly employed about inventions." In his *Advance-*

ment of Learning, he says, "Invention is of two kinds much differing, the one of arts and sciences the other of speech and arguments." What is a Shakespearian play but speech and arguments?

The probable explanation of the entry is that Bacon wanted to remind himself to obtain a report from his actor intermediary as to the preparation or representation of certain new plays. Can we identify the plays? If I have gone too far already a further speculation matters little. In August, 1608, the Solicitor-General was a very busy man. His age was nearly fifty, and "Shakespeare" plays were evidently not being produced at that period at the rate of more than about one or two per annum.

The guess seems to lie between *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, *Cymbeline*, and *Pericles*. *Cymbeline* is evidently an early play used at the end of the 1623 Folio to bring in the occult prophecy of Leonatus Posthumus—as to a tree being brought to life again. *Pericles* for sufficient reasons may also be rejected. The other two plays both deal with Roman History and are founded on North's Plutarch. They are mature and dignified studies of the lives of great politicians and leaders of men, such as a busy lawyer and politician might write by way of variation and recreation from his other work. There were no newspapers to beguile time in those days. Moreover, the Bacon-Mathew letters give hints that Bacon was at this later period of his life leisurely writing his more serious plays.

In 1605 Bacon sent Mathew "some copies of my Book of 'the Advancement' . . . and a little work of my recreation." About 1606, again writing to Mathew, he says, "Methought you were as willing to hear *Julius Cæsar* as Queen Elizabeth commended."

At another time Mathew writes to Bacon in a jocular vein as to returning *Measure for Measure*.

The note or report that "Mr. Char" was to be asked to furnish in August, 1608, was therefore very likely as to the rehearsal or as to the success of the representation during the summer of two or more of Bacon's new inventions or plays, and having regard to his age, position, and important legal office, and the natural bent of his recreative studies, one can almost safely guess that the plays in question were those founded on Roman History which I have mentioned, viz., *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus*, both studies from North's Plutarch, and one of which *(Antony)* was in that year entered for copyright on the Stationer's Register.

The actor "strutted and fretted his hour upon the stage" for four or five years longer. After April, 1616, he was "heard no more."

The author wrote a few more plays and evidently selected, altered and added to some of his earlier plays. In 1623 came the resulting final collection now known as the First Folio Shakespeare.

Its masked portrait, its evasive prefaces, both verse and prose, snares merely set for the groundlings of that generation, have obtained a success which even Bacon could hardly have foreseen—the delusion of the experts of three centuries.

PARKER WOODWARD.

"THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT: A STUDY IN ENIGMATICAL POESY."

(*Concluded from page* 171.)

THE next stanza is of more than passing interest, and for proper consideration must be reproduced in full:—

"Lo all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensive and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoord them not,
But yield them up where I my selfe must render:
That is to you my origin and ender.
For these of force must your oblation be,
Since I their Aulter you en patrone me."

Translated into the supposed allegory, this verse evidently appears to say:—

"Lo, to Nature, or natural philosophy (to you), whence poesy had beginning and where it must end, must poetic art be yielded up. These must of necessity be your oblations upon Apollo's altar—the altar of poesy—since you, Nature or Philosophy, become my patron."

We are reminded at once how closely upon the lines of the Sonnets this poem is constructed. This peculiarly appears by a comparison with Sonnet 126, which closes the first of the two great series into which the Sonnets are divided and in which it becomes evident, even to the dull eyes of Sidney Lee, that the poet is addressing the character of Cupid. The number is as follows:—

"O thou my lovely Boy who in thy power,
Dost hould times fickle glasse, his sickle, hower:
Who hast by waning growne, and therein shou'st
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet selfe grow'st,
If Nature (soveraine mistress over wrack)
As thou goest onward still will plucke thee backe,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace, and wretched mynuit kill.

Yet fear her O thou minnion of her pleasure,
She may detain, but not still keep her treasure.
Her *Audite* (tho delayd) answered must be,
And her *Quietus* is to render thee."

Here the poet, addressing his art genius under the figure of the elder Cupid, the Greek god of creation, shows how that genius has grown by giving itself away, as was promised in the early numbers 4 and 11, while the art of other poets was withering; how nature still plucked that genius back for the purpose of eventually conferring upon it an immortality of fame. Yet nature can only detain such a treasure. She must finally render an accounting, or audit, of that genius which she has used, to the poet, and the final quietus, or satisfaction, of which is to render, or return back, that genius where it belonged. So in verse 33, under discussion, nature has charged poesy, represented by Apollo, that poetic art must be yielded up to philosophy where that art had its origin in the early Greek classics, and to which end that same art should return. This, of necessity, became the oblation of philosophy upon the altar of poesy. And that the poet looked upon his art as a revival of the nature poetry of the ancients is clearly apparent, both from the plain statements of the Sonnets and from the growing clearer conception of that art which we called Shakespeare's. Sonnet 20 states that his "Master Mistres" has the face of a woman and the form ("Hew") of a man; in 53, that this is the form of *Adonis* and the face of *Helen*, and that his genius is "*painted new*" in "*Grecian* tires"; in 67, that his art lived with the "infection" of his times because "*nature* bankrout is," and had no genius but his own to live upon, and that she was storing that genius—

". . . to show what welth she *had*
In daies *long since*, before these last so bad";

and in 63, to "show *faulse Art* what beauty (poesy) was *of yore*." If this interpretation of verse 33 is not the true one, we are met by the very puzzling questions as to what this seductive youth had to do with "Nature"; in what possible sense the maiden was his "origin" and "ender," and why the "trophies of hot affections" of other love-sick maids must "of force" be her oblation upon the altar of the curly-headed youth to whom she was playing the very inexplicable part of a "patron." But to continue the allegorical rendering of this remarkable speech, which at last brought the recalcitrant maiden to terms:—

Verse 34.

"Advance, then, thy pure white hand which has no need of poets' praise and receive all these poetic passions for your own ministrations; for you will I now obey, work under you and dedicate to your service these parcels from distracted poets."

Verse 35.

"Lo, this poem was sent me by one who left the Court and a glittering following to enter a cloister."

Verse 37.

"But an accident introduced her to Poesy, and she also fell by my arts. Now she would leave a religious life to be a poet, and where once she immured herself to escape temptations, now she would have her liberty to become in turn a poetic temptress."

A very interesting question here arises as to the identity of the poet referred to, and it is difficult to determine whether this fleeing to a cloister is also figurative or an allusion to a fact in the history of some contemporary. If the former, then the hidden meaning of the poet escapes us.

Verse 38.

"How mighty, then, art thou, Philosophy! Poets have given to me their art which I must in turn give to you together with my own efforts, to inflame your cold breast."

Verse 41.

"Now, all these poets join with me in inducing you to aid the sweet design of wedding Poesy to Philosophy."

This closes the remakable love oration of the young man, and which is charged with about as much seductive passion as an iceberg. And it was not until this eloquence and superb horsemanship were supplemented by the work of the actor when the youth wept such a flood of tears, which was only "an art of craft," that the cold maid surrendered. Then follows in four very hard verses a further description of the seductive powers of the youth, and in which his ability seems to be extended beyond the requirements of the case. Verse 45 is as follows :—

> "In him a plentitude of *subtil matter*,
> Applied to Cautills, all strange formes receives,
> Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
> Or sounding paleness : and he takes and leaves,
> In eithers aptness as it best deceives :
> To blush at speeches ranck, to weep at woes
> Or to turn white and swound at *tragick showes*."

We are here given the secret of this seductive art, but the explanation is couched in a most obscure and profound generality. It is a "plentitude of *subtil matter*" in some manner "applied to Cautills" which enables him to receive "all strange formes." These forms are of three classes—blushes, tears and paleness—caused respectively by "speeches ranck," "woes," and "tragick showes." This is certainly highly suggestive of the arts of dramatic poetry, and we seem to be again dealing with the attributes of the "Master Mistres" of Sonnet 20—"A man in Hew (form) all Hews (forms) in his controlling," and which seem to be further developed in Sonnet 113 in the lines :—

> "For it no form delivers to the heart
> Of bird, of flowrs, or shape which it doth lack,

> Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
> Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch :
> For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
> The most sweet-favour or deformedst creature,
> The mountaine, or the sea, the day, or night :
> The Croe or Dove, it shapes them to your feature."

And what is this "plentitude of subtil matter" but the spirit or soul of the poet? Says the writer, addressing his genius in the Sonnets, "My spirit is thine, the better part of me," and this was the "summer's hunny breath" of Sonnet 65. But this "subtil matter" must be applied to "Cautills" to make these forms appear. And what is a Cautel? It is defined as a "craftiness," a "cunningness," a "deceit," or "fraud." Are we so far out of the way, then, in suggesting that these cautels are again the deceits and feignings of the poet—the same "deceits" of verse 26 that were "guilded in his smiling"? Montaigne seems to understand it all. Continuing the quotation concerning the power of dramatic poetry to draw men through the arts of the actor, he says :—

> "It is the ligament of our senses, depending one of another. Even from my infancy Poesie hath had the vertue to transpierce and transport me. But that lively and feeling-moving that is naturally in me have diversely *been handled* by the *diversity of formes*, not so much higher or lower (for they were ever the highest in every kind) as different in *colour*."

Is this "difference in colour" of Montaigne's signified by the red blushes and sounding paleness of this verse? Are these "woes," "speeches ranck," and "tragick showes" anything but Montaigne's "fabulous shadows of poesie"—the "feignings" and "impostures" of poets also described by Bacon? And in that last quotation is Montaigne trying to say something under cover? He says his own poetic feelings have "been handled" in a diversity of *forms*. But who handled

them—himself or such poets as seemed to express his own poetic emotions? One thing is certain—Montaige's text will bear watching, as anyone may discover who attempts to follow his thought, and as we shall discover later.

The next verse is equally hard :—

> "That not a heart which in his *levell* came,
> Could scape the haile of his all hurting ayme,
> Showing faire *Nature* is both *kind* and *tame:*
> And vailed in them did winne whom he would maime,
> Against the thing he sought, he would exclaim,
> When he most burnt in hart-wisht luxurie,
> He preacht pure maid, and praisd cold chastitie."

We are at once reminded that Apollo was generally represented as carrying a bow and arrows, as was Cupid also. Still addressing Cupid in the Sonnets, the poet says :—

> "Bring me within the *level* of your frowne,
> But *shoot* not at me in your wakened hate,"

and there is at first a very strong temptation to identify this youth with the elder Cupid of the Sonnets, but the curls and horsemanship preclude such an interpretation. Yet they are still identified as being both personifications of poetic art. For some unexplained reason "Nature" is again dragged in by the heels in this verse in the most puzzling statement that the seductive powers of the youth showed (in what manner it would be hard to conjecture) that "faire *Nature* is both *kind* and *tame.*" A flock of interrogations fly out of this verse. What has nature to do with it? In what possible way could a matter of fact seducer of female virtue illustrate the *kindness* and *tameness* of nature? He would more accurately show the malignancy and wildness of nature. Who or what is meant by the word "them" in the fourth line? Seemingly, it can only refer to these qualties of nature—kindness and tameness.

What is this but the nature poesy of antiquity which was revived by Shakespeare's art—philosophy conjoined with poesy? This was Shakespeare's genius, of which he says:—

> "*Fair, kinde* and *true*, is all my argument,
> Fair, kinde and true, varying to other words,
> And in this change is my *invention* spent,
> Three theams in one which wondrous scope affords.
> Fair, kind and true, have often liv'd alone,
> Which three till now, never kept seate in one."

This, in turn, is nothing but the beauty, goodness, and truth so much celebrated in the Sonnets—the trinity of elementary principles of the Shakespeare art. And how easy it must have been for Montaigne to read the enigmatical poesy of Shakespeare will be seen by the following extracts from his Essays, which should be here inserted for the light they may throw around our dark pathway:—

"I am so conversant with Poesie that I may judge that this invention (a country song) hath no *barbarisme* at all in it, but is altogether *Anacreontike*."

"Popular and merely *natural Poesie* hath certaine *graces* and ill-bred livliness whereby it concurreth and compareth itself unto the principal beauty of a perfect and artificial Poesie."

"I have ever deemed that in Poesie, Virgil, Lucretius, Catullus, and Horace, doe doubtless by far hold the first ranke; and especially Virgil in the Georgiks, which I esteem the most accomplished piece of work of Poesie."

"I perceive that good and *Ancient* Poets have shunned the affectation and enquest, not only of fantasticall, new-fangled, Spagnoilized, and Petrarchisticall elevations, but also of more sweet and sparing inventions, which are the *ornament* of all the Poeticall workes of succeeding ages."

"And truly *Philosophy* is nothing else but a *sophisticated Poesie;* whence have ancient authors all their authorities but from poets? And the *first* were *poets themselves*, and in their *art treated* the same."

"These verses were preached in the old schoole, a schoole in

which *I hold more then of the modern:* her vertues seem greater unto me, her vices less."

"Horace is not pleased with a slight or superficiall expression, it would betray him; he seeeth more cleere and further into matters: his *spirit* picks and ransacketh the whole store-house of words and *figures* to show and present himself."

And in this last extract we hear the echo from Shakespeare's own comparison of his genius with the poesy of antiquity in Sonnet 108, as follows:—

"What's in the braine that Inck may character,
Which hath not *figured* to thee my true *spirit*,
What's new to speake, what new to register,
That may express my love, or thy deare merit?
Nothing *sweet boy*, but yet like prayers divine,
I must each day say ore the very same,
Counting no old things old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallowed thy faire name,
So that *eternal love* in loves *fresh case*,
Weighs not the dust and injury of age.
Nor gives to necessary wrinckles place,
But makes *antiquitie* for aye his *page*.
Finding the *first conceit* of *love there bred*,
Where time and outward forme would show it dead."

But let Montaigne continue to throw his calcium light upon this cloudy scene:—

"A thousand poets labor and languish after the prose manner, but the best antient prose, which I indifferently scatter here and there for verse, shineth everywhere, with a poeticall vigour and boldness, and representeth some aire or touch of its fury. . . . A poet (saith Plato) seated on the Muses' footstool doth in a furie powre out whatsoever cometh in his mouth, as the pipe or cocke of a fountaine, without considering or ruminating the same."

"Antient divinity is altogether poesie (say the learned) and the *first philosophy*. It is the original language of the gods."

"And there be humours to whom understanding causeth disdaine, who because they *shall not know what I mean*, will esteeme me the better, and will conclude the mystery and depth of my sense by the obscuritie, which, to speake in good earnest,

I hate as death, and would shunne it *if I could avoid myself.* . . . Sithence peradventure I am particularly *tide* and precisely *vowed* to *speak by halves*, to speake *confusedly*, to speak *discrepantly*."

"*Nature*, to *show* that *nothing is savage in whatsoever she produceth*, causeth oftentimes, even in rudest and most *unarted* nations, *productions of spirits* to arise, that confront and wrestle with the most *artist productions*."

"There is nothing in Nature unservicable, no not inutility itselfe."

"I would *naturalize arte* as much as they would *artize nature*."

"Nature is a gentle guide, yet not more gentle than prudent and just. . . . Behold here the good precepts of our universal mother Nature . . . there is no reason *art* should gaine the point of honour of our great and puissant mother Nature.

"Nature is nothing but an *enigmaticall poesie*, an overshadowed and dark picture, enter-shining with an infinite variety of *false lights* to exercise our conjectures."

What does all this admixture of philosophy, nature and poesy mean? Have we, in our interpretation of this poem, come into touch with the allegorical and allusive vocabulary of the writers of "enigmatical poesy" who were contemporary with Shakespeare, or have we struck the spring head of an original and invented esotery of that character? But to return from our wanderings. This god of poesy, then, practised his seductive arts by vailing himself in the beauty, kindness, and tameness of nature. What was it he sought? Was it not the unruly wills and desires of men which he yet preached against? Verse 20 says he:

"Askt their own wils and made their wils obey."

What is this but the great purpose of Shakespeare's dramatic art—the seduction of evil to good by the power of example, music, eloquence, and entertainment? Thus, when this personification of "naturalized art" most flamed with poetic passion or inspiration ("most burnt in heart-wished luxury") he was still the moral

preacher—still pictured the beauty of virtue and constancy and the foulness of unbridled will—he "preacht pure maide, and praised cold chastity."

Verse 47.

"Thus meerely with the garment of a *grace*
The *naked* and concealed feind he covered,
That th' unexperient gave the tempter place
Which like a *Cherubin* above them hovered.
Who young and simple would not be so lovered?
Aye me I fell, and yet do question make,
What I should do againe for such a sake?"

But surely, the sceptic will say, the allegory must here break: Shakespere would never refer to such a beneficent tempter as a "fiend." And yet with that deadly irony of fate which never ceases to pursue the interpretation of the Shakespeare writings, Bacon produces the exact idea wanted. He says in *The Advancement of Learning*:—

"Did not one of the fathers in great indignation call *Poesy vinum daemonum* because it increaseth *temptations*, perturbations and vain opinions?"

But whether one of the fathers said it or Bacon imagined it for him, here is the exact concatenation of ideas found in the above verse—a *poetic demon*, or fiend, pursuing the arts of a tempter! Thus this naked god ("Cherubin") concealed himself in the garment of poetic grace, truth and beauty, and, unsuspected, wrought to his purpose the wills of his victims. We are again reminded that "only gods can ride the winged horse," and we might have expected that the cherubic character of this youth would surely appear, just as it does in the Sonnets where the friend is described as—

"Such Cherubines as your sweet selfe resembles,"

and as a "God in love to whom I am confined." And

why will Montaigne keep pushing in like a hungry spirit waiting an opportunity to pour out his woes through some medium? He says in his "Address to the Reader":—

"For if my fortune had been to have lived among those nations which are said to live under the sweet liberty of Nature's first and uncorrupted laws, I assure thee, I would most willingly have pourtrayed myselfe fully and *naked*."

And Shakespeare echoes this in Sonnet 26, in writing to the "Lord of his Love," where he hopes:—

". . . some good conceipt of thine
In thy soule's thought (all naked) will bestow it."

Neither should we forget that Apollo was usually represented, as an authority says, "in the full majesty of youthful manhood, in most of his attributes *unclothed* or but lightly draped." He is represented in the poem with "small shew of man upon his chinne," and it is Montaigne who, quoting Homer, extends perfect beauty "until such time as the chinne begins to bud."

The last verse, to make the poetic allusions sure, reiterates the arts of the poet and actor in a way that cannot be misunderstood. It was all art, it was all false, it was "borrowed motion," "seeming owed," yet it was enough to seduce a reconciled philosopher, just as the poet had affirmed in the Sonnets over his attempt to bathe in the "could vailie fountaine" in which Diana had quenched Cupid's torch:—

"The boy for triall needs would touch my breast,
I sick withall the help of bath desired,
And thither hied a sad distempered guest.
But found no cure, the bath for my help lies
Where *Cupid* got *new fire*, my mistress eyes.

This brand she quenched in a coole Well by,
Which from loves fire tooke heate perpetuall,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy

For men diseased, but I my Mistress thrall,
Came there for cure and this by that I prove,
Loves fire heats water, water coules not love."

And here comes Montaigne again applying the simile "spongy" to poetic effusions. Writing of Horace, he says: "Here likewise the sense enlighteneth and produceth the words: no longer *windy* or *spongy*, but of flesh and bone."

It was Bacon who wrote part of his works in such enigmatic language as to "select his auditors" from such "sharp wits as could pierce the vail," and which he called the "Enigmatical Method"; who found "hidden meanings" in the fables of the ancients which were "disguised and veiled"; of whom Lady Anne, his mother, wrote to his brother Anthony: "I send herein your brother's (Francis') letter. Construe the meaning. I do not understand his *enigmatical* and *folded writing*." It was Montaigne again who, writing of the art of divination and the superstitious fancies of some writers of his time, says:—

"In my time they are so successful, as they have persuaded me, that it is an amusing of *sharpe and idle wits;* that such as are inured to this suttletie, by *folding* and *unfolding* them, may in all other writings be capable to find out what they seek after."

And also:—

"I shall perhaps have cast foorth some *suttletie in writing*, haply dull and harsh for another, but *smothe and curious* for myself."

And, writing of the "stories" which he has "glanced at" in his Essays, he adds with what seems to be the most profound significance:—

"They often (beyond my purpose) produce the *seed* of a *richer subject* and *bolder matter*, and often, *collaterally*, a more *harmonious tune*, both *for me*, that *will express no more in this place*, and for them that shall *hit upon my tune*."

Shades of Shakespeare! At what is the man driving? Was he also a "concealed poet"? Did he also fail to rear these "seeds" in plants and utter them in his own pots? It is no marvel to hear Shakespeare assert that "A sentence is a cheveril glove to a good wit." And we may well exclaim with him in the *Comedy of Errors*:—

> "Lay open to my earthy, gross conceit,
> Smothered in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
> The *folded meanings* of your *word's deceit*."

It is Shakespeare also who tells us that "Time shall *unfold* what *platted cunning hides*"; who complains because a poet's good wit is not "seconded by the forward child understanding"; who sighs for "a crown's worth of good interpretation," and who talks of "a speaking such as sense cannot untie."

But is all this too fine for such a sober philosopher as Bacon? Then let Bacon answer: "Pragmatical men may not imagine that learning is like a lark which can mount and sing and please itself and nothing else." In the exquisite "Farewell" of the poet to his genius, found in Sonnet 87, he closes with these lines:—

> "Thus have I had thee as a dreame doth flatter,
> In sleepe a King, but waking no such matter."

And was Bacon indulging in dreams of this character? Listen to his significant answer in the *De Augmentis*:—

"Poesy is a *dream of learning;* a thing sweet and varied and that would be thought to have in it something *divine*—a character which dreams likewise affect. But it is time for *me* to *awake* and rising above the earth to wing my way through the clear air of Philosophy and the sciences."

Another god on a winged horse! Oh, Mr. Bacon! you affect learning, do you? And learning can dream poetry, can it? And you have been dreaming, have you? And you think pragmatical men are fooled when

they imagine that learning cannot mount and sing like a lark? And you "stay too long in the theatre," do you? And you "filled up all numbers" and wrote of yourself as a "concealed poet"? Well, what is it you are trying to tell us? Did you say—

> "O let my books be then the eloquence,
> And domb presagers of my speaking brest,
> Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
> More than that tonge that more hath more exprest.
> O learn to read what *silent love* hath writ,
> *To hear with eyes belongs to loves fine wit.*"

ON THE MOTION OF WINDS

A DUOLOGUE.

Characters: Lord Verulam. An Enquirer.

Q.—SHAKE-SPEARE, in *Winter's Tale* (IV. iii.), says of Perdita: "When you do dance, I wish you a wave of the sea, that you might ever do nothing but that; move still, still so, and own no other function." Have *you* anything to say about waves and their dancing?

Lord Ver.—We call undulation that motion by which the wind rises and abates, as the waves of the water.

Q.—But you are speaking now of wind not waves?

Lord Ver.—Neither rivers . . . nor currents in the sea, do rise in waves, unless the blowing of wind be joined thereunto. The undulation of the winds is done in a few moments. So that a wind will rise and fall, by turns, at the least a hundred times an hour.

Q.—Do you ever speak of *dancing* instead of undulation, as Shake-speare does?

Lord Ver.—When they (the winds) lead their rings, it were pretty to know the order of their dancing.

Q.—So the winds make the waves rise and fall?

Lord Ver.—In waters, after the waves are risen on high, they of themselves and of their own accord do again fall to the place of them.

Q.—Shake-speare, in *King Henry VI.*, Part III. (V. iii.), says :

King E.—"In the midst of this bright-shining day, I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud. Powers have arrived . . . and march on to fight with us." Explain.

Lord Ver.—Some petty cloud shewing itself suddenly, having not been seen before, and all the sky clear about it . . . about noon, shews a storm a'coming.

Q.—Clarence: "A little gale will soon disperse that cloud, and blow it to the source from whence it came." Is that in accordance with the laws of Nature?

Lord Ver.—There are infinite sort of winds that blow in fair and clear days. Clouds many times are carried far away from the nurseries of vapours, by winds blowing. Here below the air hath been very still, when above the clouds have been carried with a fresh and merry gale.

Q.—Clarence calls the cloud "vapours," as you do. But what does he mean by the wind blowing the cloud "to the source from whence it came"?

Lord Ver.—Whosoever shall know how easily a vapour is dissolved . . . will questionless affirm, that of necessity winds must be everywhere ingendered, from the earth, even to the highest parts of the air.

Q.—King Edward calls himself a "glorious sun," and Clarence says, "Thy very beams shall dry those vapours up." Please explain the analogy.

Lord Ver.—The sun draws out the vapours. The wind both draws them out and carries them away. The sun is like to princes. Winds have their power and origin from the sun ; do govern the temperatures

of the countries and the air, as much or more than the sun. The sun is the chief begetter of the winds.

Q.—Then the winds, by order of the sun, controls and dissipates the clouds?

Lord Ver.—Winds are merchants of vapours which, being gathered into clouds, they carry out, and bring in again.

Q.—Clarence says, "Every cloud engenders not a storm."

But the King thought differently, and he was right. He feared a storm, which *did* break.

Lord Ver.—Neither let any Prince or State be secure concerning discontentments, because they have been often, or have been long, and yet no peril ensued; for as it is true that every vapour, or fume, doth not turn into a storm; so it is nevertheless true, that storms, though they blow over divers times, yet may fall at last.

Q.—The storm which came was the meeting of Queen Margaret's army and King Edward's on the field of Tewksbury. Would it be a good analogy to write of a storm as a battle, and a battle as a storm?

Lord Ver.—Now we must enquire of the motion, or conflict, or striving (or skirmish). Nor are Virgil's testimonies altogether to be rejected, he being not unskilful in Natural Philosophy:—

"Together rush the East and South-East wind,
Nor doth the wave calling South-East stay behind."
"I all the winds have seen their battles join."

Q.—King Edward calls Queen Margaret's soldiers, just before the battle, "a thorny wood." Which, he says, "By Heaven's assistance . . . must by the roots be hewn up." Were King Edward's winds to do that?

Lord Ver.—It is no wonder the force and power of

winds be so great as it is found to be. They can throw down trees, with their tops like unto spread sails.

Q.—How does the analogy of Edward as a sun affect these winds?

Lord Ver.—The heat of the sun ought to be so proportioned in the generation of winds that it may raise them.

Q.—Queen Margaret calls Edward "a ruthless sea," blowing her top-mast Montagu overboard, and breaking the cable of her anchor Warwick. He was a sun who engendered the stormy winds! The analogy is perfect!

Q.—Why does Edward say: "Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more"?

Lord Ver.—Winds almost continually follow the eclipses of the moon. The moon so constant in inconstancy.

References.

Where sense permitted, unnecessary words have been omitted. Natural History of Winds [Folio, 1671], p. 4 (23). p. 29 (17). p. 4 (18). p. 30 (18). p. 40 (53). p. 20 (28). p. 28 (7). p. 30 (25). p. 20 (Indirect Ex.). p. 15 (38). p. 16 (41). p. 22 (2). p. 17 (2nd line). Essay of Sedition. Natural History of Winds, p. 30 (18) (26). p. 16 (42). p. 45 (13). p. 39 (30). Translation of Psalm 104.

A. A. Leith.

LITERAL TRANSLATION OF THE "MANES VERULAMIANI"

(*Continued from page* 200).

30.

IN OBITUM NOBILISSIMI VIRI FRANCISCI BACONIS, OLIM MAGNI SIGILLI ANGLIÆ CUSTODIS.

Quid? an apud Deos coorta lis fuit?
An æmulum senex Saturnus filium
Jovem vocavit in jus, rursus expetens
Regnum? sed illic advocatum non habens
Relinquit astra, pergens in terras iter,
Ubi cito invenit parem sibi virum,
Baconem scilicet, quem falce demetens
Jus exequi coegit inter angelos,
Et ipsum se Jovemque filium suum.
Quid? an prudentiâ Baconus indigent
Dei? vel liquerit Deos Astræa?
Ita est: abivit: ipsaque astra deserens,
Ministrabatur huic Baconi sedule.
Saturnus ipse non fælicioribus
Degebat ævum sæculis, quibus nomen
Vel aureum fuit, (sunt hæc poetica)
Quam judicante nos Bacone degimus:
Beatis ergo nobis numina invidentia,
Volebant gaudium hoc commune demere:
Abiit, abiit: sat hoc doloribus meis
Est protulisse: non dixi est mortuus:
Quid est opus jam vestimentis atris? en en
Arundo nostra tinctura fluit nigrâ;
Camænarumque fons siccum se fecerit,
In lachrymas minutas se dispertiens:
Frequentibusque nimbis Aprilis madet
Dolores innuens: quippe insolentius
Furit fraterna ventorem discordia:

Uterque scilicet gemens non desinit
Ab intus altius suspirium trahens.
O omnibus Bone, ut videntur omnia
Amâsse te vivum, et dolere mortuum !

HENR. OCKLEY, C. TR.

30.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE FRANCIS BACON, SOMETIME KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND.

What? Has then litigation sprung up among the gods? Has aged Saturn, again aiming at supremacy, summoned into court his rival and son Jove? But having no pleader there he leaves the stars, directing his course to earth, where soon he finds one suitable for his purpose, namely Bacon, whom, mowing down with his scythe, he compels to administer justice among the angels and between himself and his son Jove. What? Do then the gods need the wisdom of Bacon? Or has Astræa left the gods? It is so: she has gone: and even she, abandoning the stars, sedulously ministered to our Bacon. Saturn himself spent not his time in happier ages, to which the name even of gold is given, (these are poets' fancies) than we experienced when Bacon judged us. Therefore the gods, envying our happy state, willed to remove this universal joy. He is gone, he is gone: it suffices for my woe to have uttered this: I have not said he is dead: What need is there now of black raiment? See, see, our pen flows with black pigment; and the fountain of the Muses shall have become dry, resolving itself into tiny tears: April, implying sorrows, drips: surely the fraternal discord of the winds rages more than usual: that is to say, each moaning ceases not to draw deep sighs from the heart. O benefactor of all, how all things

seem to have loved you living and to mourn you dead! HENRY OCKLEY, TRINITY COLLEGE.

31.

IN LANGUOREM DIUTURNUM, SED MORTEM INOPINATAM, NOBILISSIMI DOMINI SUI, VICE-COMITIS SANCTI ALBANI.

Mors prius aggressa est, fuit inde repulsa: putabam
Incepti et sceleris pænituisse sui.
Callidus obsessas ut miles deserit urbes
Incautis posito quo ferat arma metu;
Mors pariter multum hunc vulnus defendere doctum,
Averso a musis lumine sæva ferit.
Quam cupiam lacrymis oculos absumere totos;
Nostra sed heu libris lumina servo suis.
Sic maculis chartam lugentem emittere cordi est;
Nil salis hic nisi quod lacryma salsa dedit.

GUIL. ATKINS,
Dominationis suæ Servus Domesticus.

31.

ON THE LANGUISHING ILLNESS, BUT UNEXPECTED DEATH OF HIS MOST NOBLE LORD, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS.

Death first attacked, then was repulsed: I thought he had repented of his design and crime. As a skilful general marches off from besieged cities, in order to attack the garrison when off their guard and freed from fear, just so Death relentless on a day hostile to the Muses smites this man much skilled in warding off a blow. How I would long to consume utterly my eyes with weeping! But, ah, I preserve my eyes for their own books. Thus I am glad to produce a poem stained with tears; in it there is no salt, save what the salt tear has given. WILLIAM ATKINS,
His Lordship's Domestic Attendant.

NOTES, QUERIES, AND CORRESPONDENCE

The "Noverint"

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

I DO not think Mr. Stronach is on safe ground in attributing the "Noverint" reference to be a hit at Bacon. The same sort of complaint also appears in "Histrio-Mastix," a masque not printed until 1610—and then fathered by Marston—but which will doubtless turn out to have been written by Bacon.

"O. age when every Scriveners boy shall dippe
Profaning quills into Thessaliaes spring."

I wish Mr. Stronach and other Baconians would unbend occasionally to accept as a working hypothesis Mrs. Pott's theory as to the enormous share that Francis Bacon had in the literature of his period. "Histrio-Mastix" was possibly written about 1588-90, when fear of the Spaniard was in people's minds.

"O sweet heart the Spaniards are come."

At that date Marston would have been not above 14 years of age. The masque was to illustrate the aphorism taken from a French author and used by Bacon in "The Arte of English Poesie," written about this time.

"Peace brings plenty, plenty makes pride,"

. . . .

and ending :—

"So peace brings war and war brings peace."

When Baconians are able to grasp the fact that amongst the other names set to Bacon's work may be included "Spenser," "Marlowe," "Nashe," "Greene," and "Peele," the first step towards their relief from mystification will be accomplished. All this "vowed and long experimented secrecie" could not stop at the mere selection of names. Proteus had to make his puppets appear to quarrel with one another.

Yet with all this bluffing some of the Court party could not have been entirely ignorant of the facts. How otherwise could we find that what "Spenser" accidently omitted to do in 1590, namely, include a sonnet to Earl Derby in the sonnets to the Court notables appended to the *Fairie Queene*, "Nashe" makes good in his "Piers Penneleux" the following year. I ask our friends to try the working hypothesis I have mentioned. They might then, in the light of the hypothesis, read Mr. H. C. Hart's recent articles on Robert Greene in "Notes and Queries," and Mr. Simpson's references to Greene in the "School of Shakespeare," Vol. II. Profitably might be added that very excellent work by Mr. W. L. Rushton, published 1867, on Shakespeare, illustrated by old authors. Bacon does not appear to have cared to own

that he was "Nashe," in which name his style became most extravagant, and the movement to crush the dissenters of the period seems to have failed.

By the way, no authority is given by Mr. Simpson in proof of Nashe's alleged travels in Ireland and Italy, and his employment with Lily and Greene by Bancroft to lampoon the Martinists.

PARKER WOODWARD.

A Voice from New York

ON the day that Abraham Lincoln declared the slaves free, *The Liberator* (the newspaper that had laboured for freedom to the slave for a generation) discontinued itself in a pæan. Now BACONIANA cannot discontinue itself, since there is no potentate or power to proclaim that Bacon wrote Shakespeare—and so an end. But I may announce to you that, so far as my familiarity of thirty-seven years with the controversy goes, there is really not to-day even an occasional doubt expressed in private conversation anywhere as to the disappearance of what our Dr. Appleton Morgan called (twenty-seven years ago) "The Shakespearean Myth," and very slight doubts, if any, that Bacon had a very large share in—if not the entire composition of—the Plays so left in the Valley of Decision. Mind you, I say "in private conversation"; for it is an unwritten law of British book reviewers that every book asserting the Bacon theory shall be pronounced "absurd," "crass," "producing not an atom of evidence" (what evidence is wanting ?), etc. And our American book reviewers are yet exceedingly timid and don't want to get far out of concord with the older nation. These professional book reviewers themselves, however, while pronouncing Baconians "half-informed" (to what books on Elizabethan matters or to what facts about those times have the book reviewers access to which Baconians are denied access ?) in private conversation are ready enough to admit that the Shakespeare claim has been pretty thoroughly exploded by this time. I myself know of several in London, as well as in New York, who say they don't want to believe in Bacon, and so prefer not to read the Bacon evidence ; but I have yet to learn of one, professional or unprofessional, who, having read one or more Baconian books, is still—*in camera*—an unhesitating Shakespearean.

C. HAROLD MCCHESNEY.

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Stratford-on-Avon

AT the Annual Meeting of the Trustees of Shaksper's Birth-place and Anne Hathaway's Cottage it was announced that the number of paying visitors to the Birth-place totalled thirty-four thousand for the year, a number largely exceeding the total of any preceding year. About ten thousand of the pilgrims were from the United States ; in the aggregate no fewer than seventy nationalities were represented.

Polonius and Lord Burleigh

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

HAVING come across the following I send it for insertion in BACONIANA.

Maxims of Lord Burleigh to a favourite son.

"Let thy hospitality be moderate . . . rather plentiful than sparing, for I never knew any man grow poorer by keeping an orderly table. Beware thou spendest not more than three of four parts of thy revinue. And not above a third part of that in thy house. . . .

"Beware of being surety for thy best friends; he that payeth another man's debts seeketh his own decay. Be sure and keep some great man thy friend, but trouble him not with trifles; Compliment him often with many yet small gifts.

"Towards thy superiors be humble, yet generous, with thine equals familiar, yet respectful; towards thine inferiours show much humanity, and some familiarity, as to bow the body, stretch forth the hand, and uncover the head.

"Trust not any man with thy life, credit, or estate; for it is mere folly for a man to enthrall himself to his friend."

—Life of the Great Lord Burleigh, by *Martin Hume*, p. 26.

Polonius, as he was represented in a late production of Hamlet, was very like Lord Burleigh; the same peaked white beard and handsome features; while the traditional "fur-trimmed gown" and "staid raiment" is also quite in keeping with William Cecil's usual dress. That statesman was, as we all know, brother-in-law to Sir Nicholas Bacon. Lady Hatton, the handsome young widow whom Francis wooed but did not win, was a kinswomen of the Cecils and Bacons, and must have been a companion and playfellow of both families in her early youth. Did Cecil do his best to nip a romance in the bud? More than likely, seeing he was in Elizabeth's confidence, and was fully aware of Francis' true birth.

It is more than probable that our poet painted a character from more than one original. Polonius, like other personages in the plays, was a composite. Henry, Earl of Arundel, had his share in him. He was "Lord Steward" in Elizabeth's time, and is handed down to us as a self-sufficient, pompous, foppish and mature widower; foolish too—with a silver wand a yard long. Possibly he had his share in Malvolio, too, in the Queen's reign, for his vain hope of marriage with the Queen would have made him a butt for her amusement. The only way that Francis could have concealed his satires would have been by combining the characteristics of more persons than one in a single character.

—A. A. L.

NOTE.—The continuation of Mr. Williams' article on "Bacon's Time Cipher" is held over owing to pressure on space.